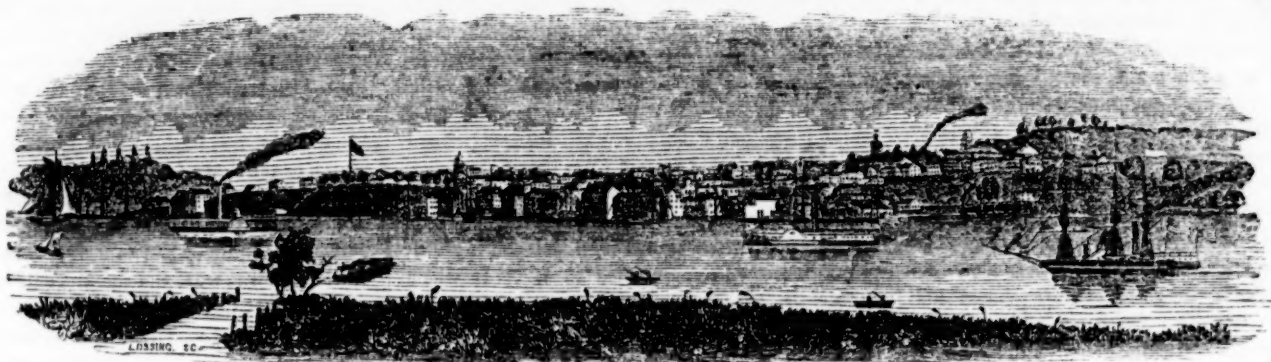


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THE COQUETTE.



THE COQUETTE.

BY JAMES REES.

It is now five years ago since I first became acquainted with Julia W——. She was then a girl budding into womanhood, but still a girl, fascinating in her manners, the light of joy glistening in her beautiful blue eye, and the sweetest smile playing on her mouth, that ever won a man from "sober contemplation" to the bower of love. She

was tall, yet not ungraceful in her figure. The beauty which belonged to her was of somewhat a nameless character, it consisted rather in the combined expression of the entire features, than the separate grace of one. She lived with her father and mother in the city of ——. The first was a straight forward, blunt man, one of those specimens of humanity now almost extinct. He had enough of common sense to perceive the relations

of right and wrong, and enough of honesty to express his sentiments when formed. The mother was of another character, scheming and ambitious, and I dreaded from the first moment that I beheld Julia, the influence of maternal authority upon her susceptible mind. Yet I still hoped on, there seemed so much of freshness round her young heart, so much of purity, enthusiasm, and nature's poetry, that I almost dreamed that like some holy thing she might pass away uncontaminated by that which was around her. It was at a ball I first met her, and my eye caught hers almost immediately on her entrance into the room.—Wherever she moved through the mazy dance my eye followed her, and it was with a heavy sigh I finally watched her graceful form retiring from the room. A few hurried inquiries as to her rank in life, her expectations, &c. and I took my leave. There was one thing at least to rejoice in, she was not above me except in beauty and virtue, and I could dare to hope. I retired to my room, but I could not sleep, the image of Julia was present to my view—I thought I saw her winning smile or heard her silver laugh. I rose from my bed, struck a light and took down my favorite volume. The first words my eye beheld were these:—

*Alas, the love of woman, it is known
To be a wondrous and a fearful thing.*

And then over my mind rushed a storm of past recollections. Dimly in the vista of departed years I beheld her who first won my youthful love—long, long ere either of us knew the perils of the path we fondly hoped to tread. Then the happiness of that first youthful meeting, the bitterness of that early parting, and all its attendant causes came thronging on me. I once fondly dreamed that to her image I would cling through life, and no other should share the love which first was hers. Gradually these softening thoughts gave way again to the image of Julia, and bewildered with contended emotions, I fell asleep.

It was a period of three weeks ere I again beheld the object of my attachment, and I then met her in a domestic circle, a scene more favorable to the development of her character and my own observations thereon. I was still more fascinated with her manners, and chance soon gave me an opportunity for conversation and the theme turned on

poetry. I asked her of my favorite poets. I was struck with the resemblance of her taste and attachments to mine. How strange is it that we often love others only as they agree with us, and the utterance of contrary opinions, severs forever the chain of friendship which bound us. I flattered her—she seemed pleased—what woman would not. I praised the beauty of her person. I admired the grace of her mind. The hours sped like a lightning flash. We did not part until I had received from her a pressing invitation to visit her, and as I bade her farewell, I thought her look more than language spoke, “I might perhaps love you.” There was little of attraction for me after her departure. It was a cold winter night and we drew our chairs to the fire. I was visiting an old friend and his charming family. The eldest daughter, Helen, who was indeed the intimate friend of Julia, was a merry mischief-making girl. She rallied me on my attentions, asked my opinion of her friend, and a thousand other teasing, vexatious questions, until, at length I found refuge in retirement.

It was soon after this, that affliction overtook me in more ways than one. A domestic bereavement of the bitterest description, and an attack of sickness, threatened to prostrate me for a long period of time. Still in my saner moments I thought of Julia, and when at length I recovered, to her home was my first visit paid. I was received cordially, but not so warmly as I expected. There was one young man present who seemed to pay marked attention to Julia, and I soon became restless, ill-tempered and finally left the house.

Time passed on, and deeper grew my affection for Julia. Her mother, I have reason to believe, was not my best friend, and I soon fancied I beheld my welcome grow colder and more formal at each visit. It was among my earliest wishes and most fervent hopes, to win, (if ever I won) a heart that should be devoted entirely to me, who could sympathize with my failings and my faith.

It was some time after, that I took a journey into the country, and before I left I spent an evening by more than special invitation with Julia. She was dressed beautifully. The glorious brown ringlets of her hair were entwined tastefully with pearls, and on the parting of her hair, she wore a splendid imitation diamond star. As I entered, she was languidly half reclining on a velvet settee, and looking over a book which I had given her. The tell-tale blood mounted to her velvet cheek as I entered, and she half rose to receive me. I thought I had never looked upon a being more beautiful, little did I think that I should ever have to write what now my fingers trace in sorrow and sadness. At my urgent request she sat down to the piano, her graceful fingers glanced along the keys, and accompanying it with her voice, she obliged me with one of our favorite airs. I had often listened to her before, but I thought she never sang so well. The lines closed,

Thine hath my young love been
Since the hour we met,
Thine shall it ever be,
Till thy heart shall forget.

We had not however, been seated long before a visitor was announced. I cannot describe my own feelings, they were those of bitter chagrin and disappointment. As he entered the room his appearance struck me as remarkably prepossessing. He was dressed in the height of the fashion, and if it was not for a jaunty rakish look which I observed

about him, I certainly could have brought my mind to like him.—“Mr. Rivers, Mr. —.” I rose bowed very distantly, took a book from the table, fumbled over the leaves, as if in search of something wished Mr. Rivers at the devil, and internally swore that Julia and myself should be henceforward strangers. There seemed to be a great deal of intimacy existing between them, and after being tossed on the surge of tempestuous thoughts for a while, I rose and left the house. I scarcely knew what to think, what to say, I felt that Julia’s heart was at least changed, while I doubted if ever it had been truly mine. After an absence of several days, during which time I had delayed my visit to the country, I again called on her. It was a calm clear beautiful evening, and my mind from reflection had become tempered down to something, like quiet. I found that Julia was absent from home. I knew not why I should feel disappointed as I had not apprised her of my intended visit. I walked away in no very enviable mood, and turned, rather from accident than design, into one of our principal theatres. The play was one of those divine creations of the mighty bard, over which I had in solitude and silence poured with delight, and in which I had witnessed the mightiest efforts of the greatest actors of the age. There was nothing particularly to fascinate me in the elocution of any performer there, and my eye wandered round the theatre. Youth, beauty, and fashion, were congregated there, but there was one form that attracted my attention above all the others. In the stage box, elegantly dressed, and engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Rivers, was her to whom my affection had once been so firmly plighted. I could not be mistaken. At the close of the performance I made my way homeward, and after retiring to my room, I wrote the following note designing to despatch it on the following morning.

“Farewell, Julia! you will hereafter acquit me of any other than the sincerest feelings, in thus for ever ending our acquaintance. How fondly I have revelled in that golden dream of hope that you would one day be mine—God who seeth the hearts of all only knows. I can never believe that one whose young affection was truly pledged to an object, can reconcile it, to that conscience to be in the frequent, and almost exclusive company of another. If I have wronged you, forgive me, as I do the bitterness which your heartless conduct, has already and will ever, at each fresh remembrance, occasion me.”

The next morning I left town, and long before my letter was delivered, I was miles and miles away from the spot which held her whose image was henceforth to be banished from my bosom. It is useless to lengthen out unnecessarily the subsequent events. For a while, forgetting my loss, I applied myself diligently to the attainment of eminence in my profession. I was but young in public favor, when I was consulted in a case of some importance, involving the most tender interests of two young beings. It was an application to dissolve forever the bonds of union between those who had solemnly plighted their faith to each other in the face of God and man. There were many facts stated to me that seemed to fall familiarly on my mind, and the name was one which I had often heard, but was still more familiar from its associations with past recollections.

In short, Julia, had married Rivers, who on his part had returned her affection by a cruel and

shameless desertion. He was a man, as it subsequently proved, of the most exceptionable character, and his companions were those whose society could not be indulged while morality and honor holds sway over the heart. The wretched wife had pined away under the misery of disappointment, and the anguish of her lot. The lustre of her eye had faded, and the beautiful bloom which was once on her cheek had been exchanged for that hectic flush, which heralds the onward march of the destroyer. She had indeed met her doom, but that was no hour for my spirit to triumph, it was more than humiliating to recollect in comparison the thing of life, of beauty and joyousness, which once she was, and the faded flower retaining only the last trace of its fast departing beauty. While the arrangements for a dissolution of her hasty and unconsiderate marriage were pending, her reckless husband committed a crime which would have consigned him to prison for life, had he not secured himself for flight, and this was the gallant, fashionable Rivers, whose prepossessing appearance had once led me to half forgive the fickleness of my mistress.

The fearful ravages of disease had done their fearful work on the fair form of Julia, and a few weeks saw her carried to her early grave. Many, many eyes there were who wept for her, but he whose duty it was to mourn, was far away from the scene of sorrow. The facts made a strong impression on my mind, and they were briefly and humbly recorded as a chapter of life.

T A L E S.

[Concluded.]

PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

My next visit was to Lord and Lady Vaurien. I found them alone, and in much emotion. Lady Mary had that morning on her return home, positively declared that nothing should compel her to marry Lord Lawless.

I began thus—“I understand, my lord, that you and Lady Vaurien wish to marry Lady Mary to Lord Lawless, and that she is utterly averse to the union. Is this true? Believe me, the question is not one of mere curiosity.”

Lord Vaurien answered me at once that it was true; while his lady’s cunning little eyes, as she fixed them on me, twinkled with indescribable shrewdness.

“Then know, my Lord, I am authorized by Lady Mary to ask your leave to propose to marry her *myself*—having her free consent to wed, if I can win her.”

“You! you!” exclaimed both the delighted parents at once.

“Yes; and on the same terms as Lord Lawless offered. I will provide for your three boys; for I have, you know, infinitely more wealth than he has: and through my connexions more interest.”

“Oh, to be sure,” cried Lady Vaurien. “Besides, we know if you make a promise you will keep it; and that is more than we can be sure of with Lord Lawless. Well, really, Mary has been very sly;—we saw her bent on refusing Lord Lawless, but we did not suspect the cause was attachment to you.”

“Attachment to me!” echoed I, looking at her with scornful indignation; “No; you know it was *not*. But my lord, you have not assured me of your consent.”

"I assure you not only of my consent, but of my warmest approbation; and ah! what a comfort it is to think that my necessities will not have compelled the sacrifice of my child!"

"My lord," I replied gravely, "in accepting my proposals, you sacrifice your child to your necessities. If I were of a proper age to marry Lady Mary, it would still be a sacrifice, for you know she loves another."

"Dear me!" said both the parents, "we thought—we hoped—"

"No, Lady Vaurien," said I, "you *know* that you *knew* the contrary; you knew Lady Mary's heart was still Arthur Merital's, and yet you urged her to marry—and marry such a man too!"

"I certainly much prefer you, Mr. Tresgothic, and really cannot allow such a marriage to be a hardship."

"Then I am sorry for you, madam. I pity any woman who can think a marriage of mere interest is anything better than legal prostitution. But I must beg your patient attention, while I relate to you what it is necessary for you to know, in order to excuse the liberty which I am going to take."

They promised me their attention, and ordered the servants to deny them to every one;—but there is nothing they would not have promised me at that moment; for I had many thousands a year—and I was to be their son-in-law. I am now going to appear what I have some pretensions to be—a *heros de roman*—and you are now going to hear the history of my life. But I did wish to tell it to more respectable auditors than Lord and Lady Vaurien and more interested too; for though the husband did appear to hear every word, I soon found that the wife's eyes were riveted on a beautiful emerald heart that I wore on my watch-chain, which dangled in my hand, and I had no doubt that she was saying to herself, "I wonder whether he will give that to Mary, and whether Mary would give it to me!"—But I am too prolix. Now then to begin.

"Perhaps you already know," said I, "that my grandmother's immense fortune—a city fortune—was, according to the marriage settlement, settled on the second son of my father, being intended, no doubt, to purchase another peerage for the family. You also know that by the death of the first and second son I became the second son and heir to the fortune, of which, alas! I gained possession when it had ceased to have any charms for me, and when it could excite in me, at first, no feelings but the bitterness of unavailing regret."

"Did you not immediately try to procure a peerage?" asked Lady Vaurien eagerly.

"No, madam; the only woman whom I could ever wish to decorate with a coronet was become the wife of another. For her sake I might have sought distinctions; but with my hope my ambition died also. I had loved, passionately loved, Lady Vaurien, and been beloved in return. But I was then only the third son of Lord Oldworth, and my mistress was rich. Accordingly my suit was rejected; but I was sure of my own constancy, and equally so of my mistress' and I resolved to await patiently the chances of life, hoping that something might turn up in our favor; but in less than a twelvemonth after I had been refused by her father, she married my rival, a man of large fortune. I cannot, dare not dwell on the frenzied agonies which this event occasioned me. Yes; let me think it was frenzy that prompted me to do what I did. I copied out part of the song of

'Thou art gone awa' from me Mary,' slightly altering the lines to suit my situation;—they are as follows:—

Until this hour I never thought
That aught could alter thee, Mary!
Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
Think what thou wilt of me, Mary.

Though thou'rt been false, yet while I live
I'll still wish well to thee, Mary!
I can't forget, but I forgive,
The wrong thou'rt done to me, Mary!

"This was a song she used to sing with great feeling, and she often expressed her wonder at the falsehood which occasioned it. Having finished the extract, I watched for her carriage one day in Bond street; and as she got out of it I forced it into her hand without speaking. I then gazed my last on her; for she looked so beautiful, though very pale, that I dared not see her again; and I instantly went abroad; but not alone; my kind mother went with me; and to her soothing, and her watchful tenderness, I owed the recovery of my health and of my mind. It was now that I became possessed of my grandmother's fortune; but it came too late—and I fear that I, at first received it unthankfully.

"I remained abroad some years after my mother left me; but on my father's death I thought it right to return to England to try to console her, as she had consoled me; and from her I learned that my faithless Mary's husband had spent all her fortune and his own; that she was in reduced circumstances; and that he was living abroad. She was then poor, while I was rich!—and call it weakness if you please, but I could not endure the idea, ill as she had used me, that she should want aught which money could purchase; and I grieved to think that I could not befriend her.

"My mother, on my father's death, shut herself up at her country-seat, which was within ten miles of Clifton; I therefore usually rode thither every morning, by way of change of scene. One morning I followed by chance a shabbily-dressed invalid leaning on her maid, who seemed to walk with difficulty; when, as she reached a pastry-cook's shop, she turned her head, saw me, uttered a sort of exclamation, and fainted away. I caught her in my arms, and carried her into the shop. But judge of my feelings when I found that it was my once-loved Mary! Her insensibility was short; and when she recovered, I remembered nothing at that moment but that she was ill, and that she had fainted at sight of me. But such meetings and such feelings, though they can never be forgotten, had better not be described. Suffice that I insisted on supporting her home. And it was such a home!—shabby, dark, unwholesome—and I entreated to be allowed to see her the next day. She did not say No, and I fancied, she meant to say Yes. I therefore called, but she refused to see me. I called again—but she was still denied.

At length I heard she was considerably worse, and was in the greatest danger; and I called every day, and almost every hour, to enquire how she did. One day when I called, the servant gave me a letter addressed to me; and changed as the characters were, with a beating heart I recognized the precious handwriting of Mary.

I instantly flew to my hotel with frenzied impetuosity, and locking myself into a room, I read—

"I feel that I am dying; and as death, they say, dissolves all ties and all obligations, but such as affection sanctions and God approves, I trust that I may venture to disclose the secrets of my

heart; and as death endues me with this privilege, I welcome its approach. Know then, that I have always loved, and never loved any other than you. But I was taught to believe that you were false, and engaged to another. Nay, they even caused your marriage to be inserted in the paper. But even that failed—and I declared your faithlessness was no excuse for mine.

"The next attempt they made was a terrible one!—My father declared, if I did not marry Mr. Desmond, that he must destroy himself; that he owed him a great sum of money, which he could discharge no other way than by giving him my hand. I refused to believe them at first; but he brought me documents to prove it; and lastly, he produced the pistol, and aimed it at his life.

"This is no new tale—no new incident—such things have been tried on others. With me the plan succeeded, and I married;—married without one word of apology or excuse to you; and yet I knew myself excusable. Judge then what I felt, when you put those touching, generous lines in my hand—lines too which reminded me of former days. My first impulse was to write to you, and exculpate myself; but my second was to repress the culpable, ungenerous, and dangerous design. 'No,' said I to myself, 'if he still believes me unworthy, he may forget me and be happy. But if he knows me to be aggrieved, and not guilty, he will love me still, and perhaps seek me still;—and then how can I be sure that I shall be able to resist the pleadings of my own heart.'

"The first virtue is to avoid temptation; and I acting on this principle, forbore to write to you. O my beloved Tyne! may I not now rejoice humbly over the consciousness of having done thus—of having distrusted my own strength—since I owe perhaps to that, the support and comfort which I now feel on this, my bed of death!

"I have only to add, that my husband, conscious that I never loved him, and suspecting that I still loved you, treated me with excessive unkindness; and that I even rejoiced in the utter destruction of our fortune, because it ridded me of him. I had been gradually dying of what is called a broken heart before he left me—and the struggle is nearly over.

"I have now unburthened my heart, and it will be some comfort to me in my last moments, to know that you will love, not hate my memory; but it is also necessary for my peace, that you should respect my reputation. Alone and unprotected, I cannot, must not receive your visits, even if I were able; and I know you would yourself shrink from being the means of aspersing my hitherto unblemished fame. We have therefore met for the last time; but I saw by your manner that you had forgiven my fault, even before you heard my exculpation, and the remembrance will even to my last breath, be sweet to my soul.

"God bless you, dearest of men! Surely, surely, the hope that we shall meet again, in another world, is not, cannot be delusion.

MARY."

Reader, I did not repeat this letter to my noble auditors; I only told them the heads of it; that was enough for them; but I did tell them how I acted in consequence of it. I mounted my horse, and set off instantly to my mother, and put the letter, without speaking, into her hand.

She read it with tears, and said, "What would you have me do?"

"What your heart dictates."

"I understand you," she replied. Then writing a few lines, she ordered the carriage.

"Lord Vaurien," said I after a pause, "you remember my mother?"

"Remember her! I should be ashamed if I did not remember a woman who was an honor and an ornament to her sex! Oh, how proud have I and other young men felt, when allowed to see her to her carriage; and we seemed to respect ourselves for being able to feel pleasure in showing our respect to virtues like hers."

"I thank you my lord," I replied with deep emotion at this just and well-felt tribute to the worth of my incomparable mother. "Well then, Lord Vaurien, this spotless and generally revered being, undertook the care of my poor Mary; and as soon as we reached Clifton, she sent up the note which she had written to her, to prepare her for a visit from her. Mary, gratified beyond measure at this, the greatest proof which I could give her of my pardon and my respect, received her according to our utmost wishes, and complied with all my mother desired."

"That evening, wrapped up in blankets, and supported by pillows, she was conveyed to the best lodging in the place, and very near the Well. There my mother remained with her, taking on her the office of head nurse; and as it was impossible that calumny itself could censure the woman protected by Lady Oldworth, Mary consented to see me once or twice a week in my mother's presence; and she was evidently improved in strength, when the news reached us that her husband was dead."

"What prospects of happiness now opened upon me! How rapidly did Mary's health seem to return with hope and happiness! while my beloved mother enjoyed the bright prospects of her dear charge and of her son."

"But one day, when Mary had seemed unusually well, difficulty of breathing suddenly returned, and even while she was echoing my words, 'how happy we shall be after all our sufferings!' she suddenly became chilled and convulsed, and died without a groan."

Here I went into the inner apartment for a moment, to indulge unseen an emotion, which I believed was wholly unshared. But I suspect I wronged Lord Vaurien, as he had betrayed once or twice some corresponding feelings; and I was very apt to believe he sympathised with me, and had never loved Lady Vaurien.

"Now, my lord," said I, when I returned, "I am come to that part of my story which will explain and account for my having troubled you with these long details."

"Perhaps I felt this blow more, because I had learned to hope; but I had so long despaired, and made up my mind to the utter blight of my affections, that I was not depressed as much as might have been expected. Besides, I had the consolation of knowing that my wealth had contributed all that wealth could do to the comfort of the beloved being whom I had lost; that my own mother had been her nurse, her support, and her soother in her last illness and last moments; and above all I knew those moments were such as to give me every security that she was now happy. Still I had all my wonted fantasticality of feeling and plans when distressed, and my mother wisely indulged me in it.—But I see Lady Vaurien looks weary and impatient."

"Oh dear no; I am quite interested. Pray go on as long as you please."

"One of these plans was this; in order to save one if not more, virtuous couple from being sacrificed in future to the selfish designs of parents on their children; to prevent such misery as my beloved Mary had experienced from a marriage in which the heart had no share, I laid by a certain sum of money, which I resolved to give to the first young couple who should be unable, from poverty, to marry for inclination; and who should also be exposed by the avarice of their parents, to the danger of forming a union odious to themselves, and hateful in the sight of God."

"The sum has now been appropriated, but not called for during so many years, that it is now a very considerable one, and large enough to portion off more than one bride; and I consider the money deposited for that purpose, as my best tribute to the memory and misfortunes of my only love. Hear me then, Lord and Lady Vaurien; I repeat to you my solemn promise to provide for three of your boys; but I do not aspire to be the husband of Lady Mary. No, my lord, let her marry the man of her choice, and I will give her a sufficient dower."

"With all my heart!" cried Lord Vaurien eagerly. But Lady Vaurien said, "But, sir, Mr. Merital has nothing!"

"He has Lady Mary's heart, madam; and I am told that he has virtue and talents."

"Yes, sir, but people cannot live on them; and Mary has been expensively brought up."

"Well, madam, Mr. Merital will, to my certain knowledge, be inducted in a few days to a living worth at least from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds per annum. Will that satisfy you?"

"O yes!—and if you will not really marry Mary yourself?"

"I marry her, madam, after what I know! Do you think me a villain? O fy! Lady Vaurien I blush for you."

"And so do I," said her lord; "and I rejoice most heartily in the dear girl's happy prospects. And how, sir, shall we show our gratitude to you?"

"By not naming it. Yes, you can oblige me by simply telling Lady Mary I have made my proposals, and that they are accepted; and leave me to disclose the truth to her."

They promised; and as Lady Mary's accepted lover, I was to return to dinner.

Certainly this was the happiest day in my life. I was sure of having been the means to crown the wishes of two faithful and fond hearts; and I felt that I had not lived in vain.

My next step was to call on Merital; but, lest I should not find him at home, I wrote to him a letter, explaining all that had passed, and engaging him to come that evening to Lord Vaurien's and send for me out. But I found him at home. However as I now found an unusual lack of words come over me, I went in with the letter in my hand. I dare say my look was very extraordinary; for he seemed not only surprised, but agitated at this unexpected visit. And he was so alarmed and confused that he did not even ask me to sit down.

"Well, sir," said I, rendered awkward by a situation so new and so embarrassing; "so you told me you were not going to be married; but I thought you were mistaken."

"How, sir! do you doubt my word?" cried he, looking so fierce that I believe he forgot he had taken orders.

"No, sir; not at all; still I am sure you are on the point of marriage."

"Absurd! I thought, sir, you must know—you must suspect—"

"I do know, I do suspect; but I also know beyond suspicion, that you are going to be married—and to Lady Mary Lovely."

"Sir!" cried Merital, turning pale; "this cruel insult—this mockery—this trifling with my feelings, is what I did not expect from you, sir."

"You are right," cried I; "it does seem like cruel mockery, and I am an old fool;—but on my word, I cannot act more coherently now, I am so overjoyed;—but read that, and then perhaps you will forgive me."

So saying I put the letter which I had written into his hand. Happy young man! how I envied him his feelings, and how fondly I remembered, how bitterly I regretted my poor Mary!

Before he had read to the end, he exclaimed,— "This is too much, O sir!" And rushing into the other room, he closed the door on him; and it was some minutes before he returned, and seizing my hand, said, "what can I say to you, sir? How can I express my gratitude?"

"You owe me none. I have given Lady Mary to you, only to get rid of her myself."

"How, sir?"

"It is very true; she would have insisted on my marrying her, if you had not. She absolutely offered herself to me to get rid of Lord Lawless; therefore, in self-defence, I contrived to secure her marriage with you."

"You are joking, sir."

"No, I am not; I am in earnest. She thought you faithless; and, wishing to marry to avoid persecution and get from home, she wished to marry me instead of Lord Lawless."

"That I do not wonder at, sir; but I had rather she had married Lord Lawless, because *you* she might have learned to love."

Here was a compliment! And how well, in a few words, had this young man acquitted all his obligations to me!

"I thank you," said I; "but I must not stay here—come to me to-night at Lord Vaurien's—and leave the rest to me."

I then drove home; tried to recruit in solitude and meditation my disordered spirits; and having dressed I repaired to Lord Vaurien's to dinner.

But what a chill to my warm feelings awaited me there; Lady Mary seemed now as averse to me as to Lord Lawless, and to shrink as much from a union with me. I felt I had not deserved this, and was angry at it; and to punish her a little, and prepare her at the same time, I said, as I handed her down stairs—"So Mr. Merital is not going to be married?"

"So my sister tells me," she replied. And then poor thing, her coldness was accounted for.

Still, I did not think Lady Mary used me well, as I did not provoke such coldness from her by any undue exhibition of fondness; and I blamed her perhaps too severely. Nor would I, after this, at all shorten the period of her trial and her suffering.

At nine I was told that a gentleman desired to see me; and going up to Lady Mary, I told her that as Lord and Lady Vaurien had agreed to my proposals, they and I both thought that the marriage had better take place as soon as possible.

Lady Mary now turned very pale, and replied in faltering accents, "that she saw no occasion for such haste; that some months hence, indeed—"

"Some months? Unkind Lady Mary! Do you consider my age? But perhaps you wish to take the chances of what a few months may do for me."

Lady Mary was shocked; and, conscious she was acting ungratefully, replied, scarcely able to refrain from tears, "Well, sir, in a few weeks be it then."

"I hoped you would say days," replied I; and so said her father and mother; but Lady Mary was firm. I then said, a gentleman was waiting below whom I wished to introduce that evening, because I had resolved that he should not be present when the day came; and I added, smiling, that if he was not allowed to be one of the principle people on the occasion, there should not, with my consent, be a marriage at all.

Lord and Lady Vaurien smiled, and understood me! but Lady Mary was too unhappy to notice much that I said. All she heard was, that I was going to introduce the gentleman who was to perform the marriage ceremony; and the idea of that was insupportable.

I now quitted the room, and returned with Merital. At sight of her lover, Lady Mary screamed, started forward, and then fainted in her father's arms; and I began to be sensible that I had behaved very foolishly, and sported with feelings that deserved more consideration. But Lady Mary soon recovered, and recovered to an almost insupportable sense of happiness; for all was soon explained to her; and the sight of the happiness which I had occasioned was balm of the most precious kind to my widowed heart.

To be brief. Lady Mary in a few days agreed to marry Merital, though she refused to marry me earlier than a few weeks; and thus she utterly knocked down the fabric of vanity in me which she had built up; and she continues to look, and to be so happy in her marriage, that I have in vain expected her to smooth down the ruffled plumes of my self-love by saying,—“Oh! Mr. Tresgothic, that you would but have married me yourself!”

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

No. 5.

As Barry Gray, seated in his easy chair the other night was thinking and conning over in his mind wherewith to write upon—while wild forms and fantastic shapes, were dancing and whirling on the wall, caused by the dying blaze of the pine knot, which was wailing its life-being out, in the barred grate, throwing ever and anon, sparks of fire into the darkness of the room, causing old Rover, who lie by his side to growl a short defiance at its daring; with his feet a la Yankee raised to a level with his head, a choice “Norma,” between his lips—vanishing into quiet smoke—like fairy castles in the air. Thus sat Barry,

“Thinking
While memory, was linking
Fancy unto fancy, sinking
Into sleep.”

When suddenly at the door he heard a gentle tap, and thinking it could be naught but Kate he answered not, but soon it came again, and now it was a double rap, and not as then a single tap. So knocking off the ashes from his segar and placing jauntily upon his head, a velvet cap—which by the by was a Valentine from Lucy—

and elevating his “members,” rather more to an angle of forty five, he bade him enter. It was a gentleman in black—from head to foot he had a very neat appearance, a cane he carried in his hand, and swung with careless grace and in the dim light he fancied it was something else and that he was “the gentleman in black.” But when he spoke his terror straightway vanished. His voice had a peculiar sweetness in its tone, while his words fell with oily smoothness from his chiseled lips. Thus did he speak; “My name is Stephen. I am the keeper of the city’s books and records—looking over the Council book, I came across these papers, hidden among the ancient leaves, and knowing you to be one who delighteth in antiquities, in musty parchments and in lettered rolls, I brought you these, ’twere good I think that you should publish them.” He pleading the lateness of the hour, then took his leave. Quickly lighting a candle and drawing too the outward blinds, he did pore with eager eye over this mysterious package. Within it was a letter which read as follows.

“To die is the act of sinking into futurity, and before these words shall be read by man, I shall have sunk into that future. Long have I lived, long have I mingled with the fathers of the city, spoken in their councils, and listened to their words of wisdom. My life is running swiftly to the sea of Eternity, but I cannot pass away without leaving this record behind, ’tis a picture of other days and may serve as a chronicle in days to come. So mote it be.”

The Chronicle bore the marks of extreme age, and probably was written many years ago. Some parts were effaced by the hand of time, and others were blotted out evidently by the writer himself.—But Barry has after much trouble, succeeded in making it presentable to the public, and he hopes that it will be read with pleasure.

CHRONICLE.

Now it came to pass in those days, that Robert the ruler, held council with the people, whereby they might cause the river, which was a mighty stream, to be unlocked from its barriers, for behold it was fast bound as if with chains, so that no boat could come unto the city.

Now Robert who was a wise man and a great physician, and was moreover well-beloved by the people—felt in his heart much sorrow, for he knew that his people wished to journey unto the great city, which was the distance of a night’s travel, so that they might get good gifts to sell unto the inhabitants, and as the ice was stubborn, aye, even very; he had called together the chief dealers in the city—so to provide means whereby they might act against this great evil.

Behold among the multitude was one James, surnamed the “Count,” now the Count was a builder of carriages and when it waxed toward spring and he had many on his hands, he wished to send them to the great city, but that he could not. So James the count spake to the multitude and said unto them; “Why stand we here idle, why dig we not a tunnel under the hills and valleys, even unto the great city; then can we alway pass and repass as we please.” But Henry surnamed, Harry a dealer in teas, and moreover a pleasant man, and one in good repute, answered and said; “Not so, lest we expend our means and thereby come to naught, rather wait we patiently until the ice dissolves.” Then the people murmured exceedingly, and David, a man who dealt in groceries,

said; “Why should we wait, behold our brothers, the Pough—ieves, wait not, are they better than we, see how they go unto the great city.” Then Hiram, a bachelor and a grave man—said; “oh! why ye married men, come ye here; go home to your wives, and bid them unloose their tongues, and to blow ye straightway to the great city.” Then was there laughter among the multitude, but Hiram’s face was stern. Then William, surnamed the Doctor, a great extractor of jokes, and drawer of smiles, and moreover a mighty wag, said; “why go we not, to our loved ruler, whom we know to be a mighty physician and ask of him, saying, give unto us, thy people, some of thy pills, that we may give them unto the river so that it may be sickened, and on the morrow will the river be clear.” Then there was much rejoicing among the people, and a show of holding up of hands. But Wallace, a dealer in precious stones, one whom the maidens looked upon with tender eyes, and who moreover was an unmarried man, spake saying; “Be it known to ye oh! people; that when Cyrus, a goodly man was ruler over us, it came to pass that there was much trouble in the Camp, and behold Cyrus, gathered us together, even as a hen gathereth together her chickens, and formed us straightway into companies.—Now call we together these companies, armed and equipped as the law directs, and we will charge upon this mighty river, and subdue it, and scatter the ice, even as Pharaoh’s hosts were scattered.” Then were there shouts among the people and the crowd reeled to and fro like the waves of the sea. Then spoke Sylvester a book worm and said, “Yea; will we even do as Wallace says; for behold, now have the Trade Sales commenced in the great City, and I must be there.” But one James, a scribe, said; “let us first try gentle means, call we upon Caspar, and Henry, and Ezra, and Stephen, and Rodolphus, our brother scribes, and bid them speak unto this mighty river, words of wisdom, and pour upon it a stream of eloquence, that will dissolve the ice even as their speech draweth tears from woman’s eyes.” But Martin, an eccentric lawgiver and queer genius, said; “that better it were if all the females great and small, old and young, within the city’s bounds, collected together on the frozen river and to the sound of timbrel, and song, danced until the ice sank beneath their weight, then would we kill two birds with one stone, as two great evils would be done away with at once.” But there was murmurings among the populace as they said one to another, “how would we do without our wives, to mend the rents in our garments.” Then was there a pause.—Till Silas, a man of goodly traits, and one who dealt in cloths, said; “That the time was not far distant, when with the speed of lightning would we pass to the great city; aye, even in the short space of five hours.” Then was there laughter among the people, and Daniel, cried aloud in a tone of derision, “Oh! why ye wise men; put ye not on seven league boots, and wend your way to the great city, for I say unto you that whosoever among you shall put them on, shall even find himself there.” And behold now it came to pass that while they were thus talking, night fell upon the city—and the multitude began to disperse each man going to his own home, where were his olive plants, and one Charles, a time keeper, proclaimed through the street, “That the hour of eve approached, that the sun had gone to rest, and the fowls had sought their roost, and it was not

good for man to be abroad." So quiet rested on the city, as the ice rested on the waters, and night had come.

Here ends the first chronicle, but whether the good people, ever got to the great city, Barry cannot tell and thus are we left in doubt. Barry is very busy in rendering into plain English the second chronicle, which he hopes soon to present to his kind readers.

BARRY GRAY.

March, 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

A SERMON.

BY PROTEUS.

"In the morning behold it was Leah!" Gen. xxix, 25.

Who can imagine the consternation of the patriarch, at this unexpected discovery! When, instead of the beautiful Rachel, for whom he had endured seven years laborious servitude, he found himself irrevocably united to the bleary-eyed Leah! In all the former embarrassing situations of life, he had managed by art or ingenuity, to extricate himself with profit. But here there was no escape. The mother, whose skillful cunning might possibly have assisted him was far, far away; alone, and in a strange country, he found himself completely in the power of the treacherous Laban, who had designedly imposed on him in the most cruel manner—Ah! Could the injured Esau but have seen him at this trying moment, could he have witnessed the convulsive start, and heard the bitter groan of anguish that escaped him, as his first glance rested on the features of his companion, he would have cast away all anger from his bosom, and freely forgiven his ambitious brother. Yes, Jacob; there is no mistake, 'tis Leah, and not Rachel! Thou needest not pass thy hand across thy brow, or rub thine eyes as if their vision was imperfect; 'tis Leah, and none other! Thou art the dupe of the designing Laban! Thou who didst defraud thine elder brother, in the matter of the birthright, and deceive thy experienced father in the case of the blessing; thou art now over-matched, in the person of thy kinsman. What were the emotions of the astonished bridegroom on this eventful morning, I will not even attempt to describe.

Picture them in your mind's eye, you who can; but mortal pen cannot portray them, nor mortal tongue find language to express them! Neither is it important that they should.

With the dead in Macpelah, we have nothing to do, save gathering instruction from their much experience. For our own benefit then it becomes us to inquire, what was the *sin*, that drew down on the patriarch the signal punishment we have been contemplating. It was neither the circumstance of the birthright, or the blessing, else had he tasted *through them* the bitter fruits of crime. But his going abroad into a strange country, and taking a wife from out thereof, (thereby casting reproach upon the daughters of his own land,) was probably the sole and only cause of the strange punishment which followed him during the greater portion of his life. Had he been content with the modest simplicity and unaffected demeanor of the damsels of his own country and taken a wife out from among *them*, all his calamities had been spared him; and he had never tasted the bitter fruits of female jealousy, or domestic bickerings; But no this would not satisfy his ambitious desires! The heir apparent to the illustrious house of Abraham, the son of the opulent

Isaac, (the greatness of whose flocks and possessions caused him to be envied of the Philistines) disdained an alliance with his humble neighbors, he must needs journey into a foreign realm, and unite himself to the family of the aristocratic Laban. No doubt he anticipated returning in all the pomp and magnificence of wealth, to his native land; dazzling the eyes of his early associates with the beauty of his wife, the splendor of his retinue, the greatness of his possession; thus triumphing still farther over his unambitious brother, whose humble aspirations, neither looked or longed for any advancement through the instrumentality of a wife. But mark the consequences of his ambition; for "behold it was Leah," and "he hated her."

The history of Jacob is recorded for our instruction, and I should ill discharge my duty to my flock did I not endeavor to impress it on your minds that you disregard it not. Go not like him into a far country to choose to yourselves help-meets from out thereof; lest like him you be deceived and find too late, that it is Leah, where you supposed it was Rachel. I do not mean to be understood that in this enlightened age, there could actually occur such a personal change, as in the case of poor Jacob; for as blind as the "little god" makes his votaries, he would hardly attempt to dupe them in that manner. But I mean that in temper, habits, and disposition you may be as greatly disappointed as was the patriarch of old.

Do not suppose me, as speaking aught against female excellence, or even female perfection. In whatever situation of life they may be placed, I reverence them as the better half of creation, notwithstanding the fact, that "man was made but a little lower than the angels," yet without reflecting the least to their disadvantage, I may safely affirm that they were created as ministers, or rather *dispensers* of the storms as well as the sunshine of life; and who does not know that however arduous the task, they shrink not from a *faithful* discharge of every duty assigned them! Who has not felt that in woman's hands is held almost the destiny of man; that it is she, who cheers or disheartens him in his earthly pilgrimage; and that her favor is the sure and only passport to a peaceful, prosperous and happy life below. How important then, to the young man, is the choice of a wife! His *all* of earthly bliss rests on that one selection; and here again would I enjoin it upon you, that you make that selection at home. Not that there is no worth in foreign females; they are the excellent of the earth under whatever sun they may be; but those from abroad belong not properly to you. They were made to become wives unto the men of their own land, and the stranger who should attempt to allure them away, should be regarded as a traitor to his own country, and a robber of another! Besides those of them who are reared in your immediate vicinity, are educated with habits, dispositions and tastes, more likely to assimilate with your own; important items necessary to ensure lasting felicity in the connubial state. Leah without doubt, was a very amiable woman, and had she been matched with one of her own country, it had never been recorded of *him* as of Jacob, that *he* "hated her." And why? simply because their mode of life and education had been the same; he would have been so constituted as to relish her perfections, and discover beauty in her person, and soul gushing even from her bleary eye! Therefore young men to you I say, let not your desires "like the eyes of the

fool rove unto the ends of the earth," but centre in the home circle of which you are members, and take to yourselves wives from out thereof: so shall the land rise up and call you blessed, and the object of the preacher be fully accomplished.—So mote it be.

March, 1847.

MISCELLANY.

LEARNING.

VERY often a knowledge of words and an ignorance of things; a common act of memory, which may be exercised without common sense. A mere scholar is generally known by his unacquaintance with everything but languages, which have so filled his head that they have left room for nothing else. He mistakes the steps for the temple of Minerva; the shrine for the goddess herself; and is as proud of his mind's empty purse, as if there were money in it! Pedantry's jargon will no more improve our understandings than the importunate clink of a smoke-jack, will fill our bellies. The elaborate triflings of scholiasts and commentators, the jingling sophistries of logic, and what has been technically termed the learning of the schools all of which were so many antidotes to sound sense and reflection, may well be thrown overboard when many a member of our Mechanics' Institutes, possess useful knowledge that might puzzle a whole convent of college monks.

Of all learning the most difficult department is to unlearn. Drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth and the patient never thanks the operator for the "*demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error*." No man likes to admit that his favourite opinion (perhaps the only child of his mind and cherished accordingly) is an illegitimate one. Sluggish intellects are ever the most obstinate for that which it has cost us much to acquire, it cost us much to give up; and the older we get, the more tenaciously we cling to our errors, as those weeds are most difficult to eradicate that have had the longest time to root themselves. Harvey could find no physician, turned of forty, who would admit the circulation of the blood. Numbers of these quadragenarian owls are now to be found in every profession while we have Jesuits enough of all ages who sigh for the suppressed Inquisition whenever a political or religious Galileo promulgates any truth that threatens to interfere with established falsehood. These buzzards have yet to acquire the most useful of all learning—that of unlearning.

THE MAN OF LEISURE—EFFECTS OF PROCRASTINATION.

"You'll please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir," said a pale blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the rich man of leisure at his lodgings.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Inklin, "I will be going that way in a day or two."

"Did you ask for the place for me yesterday?" said the boy on the following day, with quivering lips, as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer, "I was busy, but I will to-day."

"Heaven help my poor mother," murmured the poor boy, gazing listlessly on the cent Mr. Inklin placed in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry

children with a loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentleman's coat at the hotel. They shouted with joy, and his mother held out her hand for a portion, while a smile flitted across her face.

"Mother, dear," said the boy, "Mr. Inklin thinks he can get a place for me, and I shall have three meals a day; only think, mother, three meals and it won't take three minutes to run home and share it with you."

The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with eagerness as he asked Mr. Inklin if he had obtained the place for him.

"Not yet," said the man of leisure, "but there is time enough."

The cent that morning was wet with tears.

Another morning arrived.

"It is very thoughtless in the boy to be here so late," said Mr. Inklin. "Not a soul to brush my coat."

The child came at length, with his face swollen with weeping.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the man of leisure, "but the place in Mr. B.'s store was taken up yesterday."

The boy stopped brushing and burst afresh into tears. "I don't care now," said he, sobbing, "we may as well starve—mother is dead!"

The man of leisure was shocked, and he gave the pale boy a dollar!

Mr. Inklin was taken ill. He often said that he thought religion might do him good, and he meant to look into it. An anxious friend brought a clergyman with him. He spoke tenderly, but seriously to the sufferer, of eternal truth.

"Call to-morrow," said the man of leisure, "and we will talk about these matters."

That night the man of leisure died!

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

THE exertion of mental power without the exercises of reason or deliberation—the implanted principle that determines the will of brutes, and is generally limited to the great objects of nature—self-preservation, the procurement of food, and the continuance of the species. An intelligent being, having a motive in view for the performance of any particular operation will set about it either similarly to others or in a different mode according to circumstances, his views and powers of action being almost infinitely varied; but irrational beings never deviate from the instincts with which they are born and which are adapted to their particular economy. Hence animals are stationary, while man is progressive. Beavers construct their habitations, birds their nest, bees their hive, and the spider his web, with an admirable ingenuity; but the most sagacious of them cannot apply their skill to purposes beyond the sphere of their particular wants nor do any of them improve in the smallest degree on their predecessors. Exactly as they respectively built at the time of creation so will they continue to build unto the end of the world. To illustrate the contrary tendency and the progressiveness of man in his habitations we should compare a Hottentot's kraal with St. Peter's or St. Paul's.

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.
2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant girl, to bow down to her and serve her; for I am a jealous wife, visiting, &c.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.

4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectfully.

5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.

6. Thou shalt not fret.

7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.

8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.

9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbour.

10. Thou shalt not visit the rum-tavern; thou shalt not covet the tavern-keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whiskey, nor his wine, nor his beer, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rumseller.

11. Thou shalt not visit the Billiard Hall, neither for worshipping in the dance, nor the heaps of money that lies on the table.

And the twelfth Commandment is, Thou shalt not stay out later than 9 o'clock at night.

MARTYR.

MARTYR that which all religions have furnished in about equal proportions so much easier is it to die for religion than to live for it. Our high church conservatives cry out, with a lusty voice, "Touch not that which has been cemented by the blood of the holy martyrs!" Why these very martyrs whose devotedness proves nothing but their sincerity, died in the cause of reform; and yet their example is cited as a warning against it! if their blood appeal to us at all it may rather be supposed to cry out against the monstrous abuses of that Christianity, for whose cause they become martyrs.

A VERY DEFINITE CREED.

A GENTLEMAN wishing to discover the religion of his Irish guide inquired:

"Pat, what is your belief?" To which he replied—

"Wisha, thin, yer honor, but I'm of my land-lady's belief."

"What's that, Pat?"

"Wisha, and I'll tell you—I owe her five and a half year's rent, and she believes I'll never pay her and that's my belief too."

STREET COLLOQUY.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith on the sick list to day?"

"Yes, sir; got the ague."

"Do you ever shake?"

"Yes, shake like thunder."

"What do you shake again?"

"Don't say when—shake every day.—Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing in particular—only I tho't if you shook so bad. I'd stand by and see if you wouldn't shake the fifteen dollars out of your pocket which you have owed me so long."

Mr. Smith sloped.

JEALOUSY.—Tormenting yourself, for fear you should be tormented by another. "Why," ask Rochefoucauld, "does not jealousy which is born with love, always die with it?" He would have found an answer to this question had he reflected that self-love never dies. Jealousy is the greatest of misfortunes, and excites the least pity.

SIR WALTER SCOTT tells a story of a gentleman who, irritated at some misconduct of his servant,

said: "John, either you or I must quit this house." "Vera weel, sir," said John, "where will your honor be ganging to?"

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1847.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WITH the 13th No. closed the Subscription of a large number of our Subscribers. We send this No. to all, and those wishing to continue, will please inform us, as this will be the last sent to them, until heard from.

PHILOSOPHY OF MEDICINE.

WE have just received a new work entitled "The Philosophy of Medicine,"—Author, Dr. R. B. Doolittle, of Hudson, who has lately rendered himself quite conspicuous, by adopting a method of his own which is eminently successful. This work is the first attempt of the kind to introduce Chemical Philosophy into Medicine, in order to explain Organization, Life, Death, Disease, and the qualities of various Medicines, Botanical and Mineral, with their mode of operation on the Human System. Hitherto the Art of Healing has been chiefly conjectured especially the operation of Medicine, but this work substitutes real fact for Theory. The book prevents any one from being imposed upon by Quacks or Quack Specifics. It is in unison with Desruelles of France, Guthrie of England, and Dr. Isaac Hays of Philadelphia, some of the most eminent men in the profession, deprecates the use of mercury as a remedy, not only in one disease but all. The author shows very satisfactorily that this most pernicious metal is one of the chief causes of Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Consumption of the Lungs, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Palsy, and actually renders the Human Family a race of invalids. If this be true, we conceive the author has done no more than his duty in making it known to a long suffering community, and his book should be extensively circulated. It will unquestionably prevent much (now produced) misery. The author has frequently contributed essays and poetry, to our Periodical and we wish him every success in this endeavor to benefit his countrymen. The book is in a neat duodecimo form, and is printed in good style and paper by Bryan and Moores, of this city. For sale by George Clare, Price One Dollar, bound—any one of the Recipes, are worth the money, and we think should be in every family.

Persons residing at a distance from this city, wishing a copy of the above work, can have it sent to them by mail, by enclosing One Dollar, addressed to the publisher of this Paper, or to the Author. Postage for any distance, 9 Cents.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

L. A. M. South Corinth, N. Y. \$1.00; R. R. K. Pittsfield, Ms. \$1.00; D. C. Schuyler Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; R. P. B. South Easton, N. Y. \$0.50; N. R. North Hardwick, Vt. \$1.00; J. C. H. Fulton, N. Y. \$0.50; J. I. Richmondville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. S. S. Sheffield, Ms. \$0.75; T. C. Jr. West Townshend, Vt. \$7.00.

MARRIAGES.

At Canaan, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dana, George W. Frary, Esq. to Miss Harriet W. Whiting.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. C. Van Zandt, Mr. Wm. Henry Ten Broeck, of Hudson, to Miss Jane Evarts, daughter of Jacob C. Evarts, of Kinderhook.

At Stayvesant Falls, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, Wm. S. Palmer, of New Baltimore, to Miss Angeline Palmer, of Stayvesant.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 8th inst. Randle C. son of Henry and Eliza Jane Ham, aged 11 months, and 2 days.

On the 9th inst. Julia, daughter of Alfred and Sarah Rhodes, aged 3 months.

On the 15th inst. after an illness of ten years, Dorens, wife of Henry Harder, of this city.

On the 8th inst. of Consumption, Miss Caroline Z. daughter, of Mr. John Crissey, aged 18 years, and 7 months.

In Ghent, on the 19th ult. at the residence of her father, Dr. E. B. Pugsley, Mrs. Caroline Kiersted, aged 30 years.

In Nassau, on the 2d inst. Mary, widow of Rodman G. Day, and daughter of the late Thomas Hong, aged 38 years.

In Kinderhook, on the 5th inst. Peter Solomon, son of Leonard B. Folger, aged 2 years and 5 months.

In New-York, on the 9th inst. Eliza, wife of Wm. H. McKinstry, aged 36 years and 4 months.

In Townshend, Vt. on the 26th ult. Samuel F. Thompson, Esq. aged 38 years.

In Townshend, Vt. on the 24th ult. of Consumption, Miss Marcia A. Adams, aged 23 years, from childhood a resident in the family of Nathaniel Cheney.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

LIFE.

How short is life, how very few,
Are all the days of man;
They vanish like the morning dew,
And Life is but a span.

Life's like a fresh and blooming flower—
What beauties from it rise!
How splendid now! but in an hour,
It withers, droops and dies.

When, to the heights of sought-for fame,
Ambitious man doth rise,
He stretches forth his hand, to claim
The treasure, and he dies.

When having passed through troubled seas,
For wealth—he proudly cries,
"Soul, I've enough, now take thy ease,"
His soul departs—he dies.

Yes Life is short, the longest hour,
That she doth e'er afford
Is brief, for soon Death's iron power,
Will loose the "silvery chord."

Soon will he crush the "golden bowl,"
The "pitcher" soon will be
"Broke at the fountain," and the soul,
Fly to Eternity.

Schenectady, 1847.

SAMUEL.

For the Rural Repository.

The following lines were addressed to Mrs. — on the death of her youngest and only daughter, who died a few years after her sister—both of Consumption.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

MARIA, in thy youth's young day,
I knew thee, when thy sky was bright;
When children, in our hours of play,
We deemed our morn would see no night.
I saw thee at the altar stand,
A fair young bride with pensive brow,
Beheld thee yield thy heart and hand,
To him who truly loves thee now.

In after years, I thee beheld,
Lovely, as summer evening's sky,
When from the dewy earth distilled,
Tears, bright as those that dimmed thine eye.
Like pearls I've seen around thee cling,
A joyous band of children dear;
They were thy heart's pure offering,
And God has claimed the gift sincere.

We met when that bright chain was broke,
Thy pearls, one, two, I counted gone—
Thy spirit quailed beneath the stroke,
And felt like one "that's all alone."
Maria, didst thou never read,
"Blest is the man who feels the rod,"
When thou'rt from every trial freed,
Then thou wilt praise a faithful God.

Hope even here with hallowed light,
Will often arch this dusky sphere;
And Faith present a scene so bright,
As e'en to any mother's tear.
But yesterday the bell tolled loud,
On the clear air, it pealed "farewell"—
I asked, amid the busy crowd,
For whom was struck that solemn knell?

Maria, when I learned—a thrill
Of anguish shot across my soul;
Until I thought, He that could kill,
Could bid the billows cease to roll.
Thy youngest, dearest, brightest gem,
Now from the parent stem is riven;

She, who was here, their diadem,
Is now a star in yonder heaven.

Stricken—and seathed—I see thy form,
Smitten, as by the lightning riven;
Bend low, before the howling storm,
And thy frail bark by tempests driven.
But mourn not, mother of the dead—
Thou mother of an angel child,
List—and thou'lt hear her gentle tread
Fast hastening from this desert wild.

Behold her stand triumphant high,
Transcendent in her robes of light;
Around—she casts her wondering eye,
And sees upon a dazzling height—
Bright seraphs spread their folded wings,
While one far swifter than the rest,
Rushes—around her closely clings,
And folds her to her happy breast.

Now canst thou longer mourn my friend?
Helen, and Ann Maria meet,
In heaven their ransomed spirits blend,
While prostrate at their Savior's feet,
There, thou wilt meet them, ne'er to part,
When life's short feverish dream is o'er;
There is no sigh—no broken heart—
On Canaan's unobscured shore.

Sag Harbor, L. I. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

AUTUMNAL SCENERY.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

THE flowers are dead!

There were gay tribes of
Them, here on the mountain's side, and by the
River's brink, which used to nod and blush
To the slight whispering of the summer
Wind, through a golden day. The bee and
Butterfly did naught but revel in their
Sweetness, and for me who sought them in their
Fragrant homes, they ever wore sweet Friendship's
Placid smile. The golden-rod and aster
Flower, are all that now remain to form
A wreath for sober Autumn's brow. I would that
They had stayed, nor left their withered
Stalks to be in these old woods, stern preachers
Of decay.

Ho! butterfly with golden
Wings edged round with black! art thou still here
A denizen? How can you sit so gayly,
'Mid the pale brown leaves? Doth not the autumn
Wind, which runs along the tops of those old
Pines, with such a murmuring sigh, warn thee
Of Death? I see you do not heed gay reveller
The voice. Thou art like mortals, who dance on
The grave's brink, till they fall therein.

Beneath
Me, close behind the fence which guards the field
Of ripened maize, whose withered blades rustle
In every breath, the country school-house
Stands, and loud the laughter of the loosened
Children ring, while 'neath the trees they seek for
Nuts, and tear them from their thorny sheaths. They
Dream not of the cares which wait on coming
Years, and "ignorance with them is bliss." How
Oft the picture of yon simple fane, with
Its surrounding scenery, shall rise henceforth
At memory's beck, for with a diamond's
Point, such things are graven upon youthful
Souls! Time may obscure, but ne'er can quite
Wash out. And yet the music of their merry
Hearts, rings like a dissonance, among the
Fading beauties of the year. How can
There be so much of sunlight, in their souls,
When but a few dim beams, are struggling through
The murky skies above? They are
The true Philosophers in Life—external
Clouds throw but faint shadows on their souls.

Yet
Here I sit, and murmur for my favorites—
The blue bird and the Oriole, whose nests are
Vacant in the hollows of the trees, and
'Mid the shrubs which grow along the marshy
Borders of the stream.

Be wise, oh heart! be

Wise in time! Thus shall the friends, who greet thee
Now in Life's fresh Spring, be swept away by
Time's rough winds, until, if "three score years and
Ten" are portioned thee, thou shalt stand up,
And weep as now you mourn the Summer flowers.
The brows all sunshine, and the tones all love,
Which greet thee now, will be to thee like the
Hushed music of the forest birds. Make
Wise deposits of thy happiness for future
Years. Treasure up knowledge as the miser
Hoards his gems and gold, and find companionship
In every form which goodness wears. Court the
Society of virtuous deeds, and win the inward
Sunlight which they bring. Then shalt thou never
Be alone. Bright forms, like those the Savior
Saw in his distress upon the mountain
Wild, shall cheer thy loneliest hour, and leave
A signet of sweet peace upon thy brow,
Which neither Age, nor Death can steal away.
Columbus, Ga. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY ISAAC COBB.

The tempests may rage, and the snow may descend,
Yet Winter thou hast but a short time to reign,
Thy locks are too hoary old monarch to blend
With the curls of the princess who comes o'er the plain.
Her breath will demolish thy fortified towers,
Thy mountains and grand superstructures of snow;
She comes to arrange a parterre for the flowers,
And bid the bright streams from their prisons to flow.
Oh, come lovely Spring! for we fain would behold,
The beautiful scenes that attend as thy train,
The time when the leaves of the trees shall unfold,
And Sylvan rejoice in his glory again.
Thy coming, the sick and desponding will hail,
While nature shall smile on the work of thy hand,
The carols of birds shall resound through the vale,
"And the voice of the turtle be heard in our land."
Gorham, Me. 1847.

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